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The Student's Pen



C. Howe

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The Student's Pen

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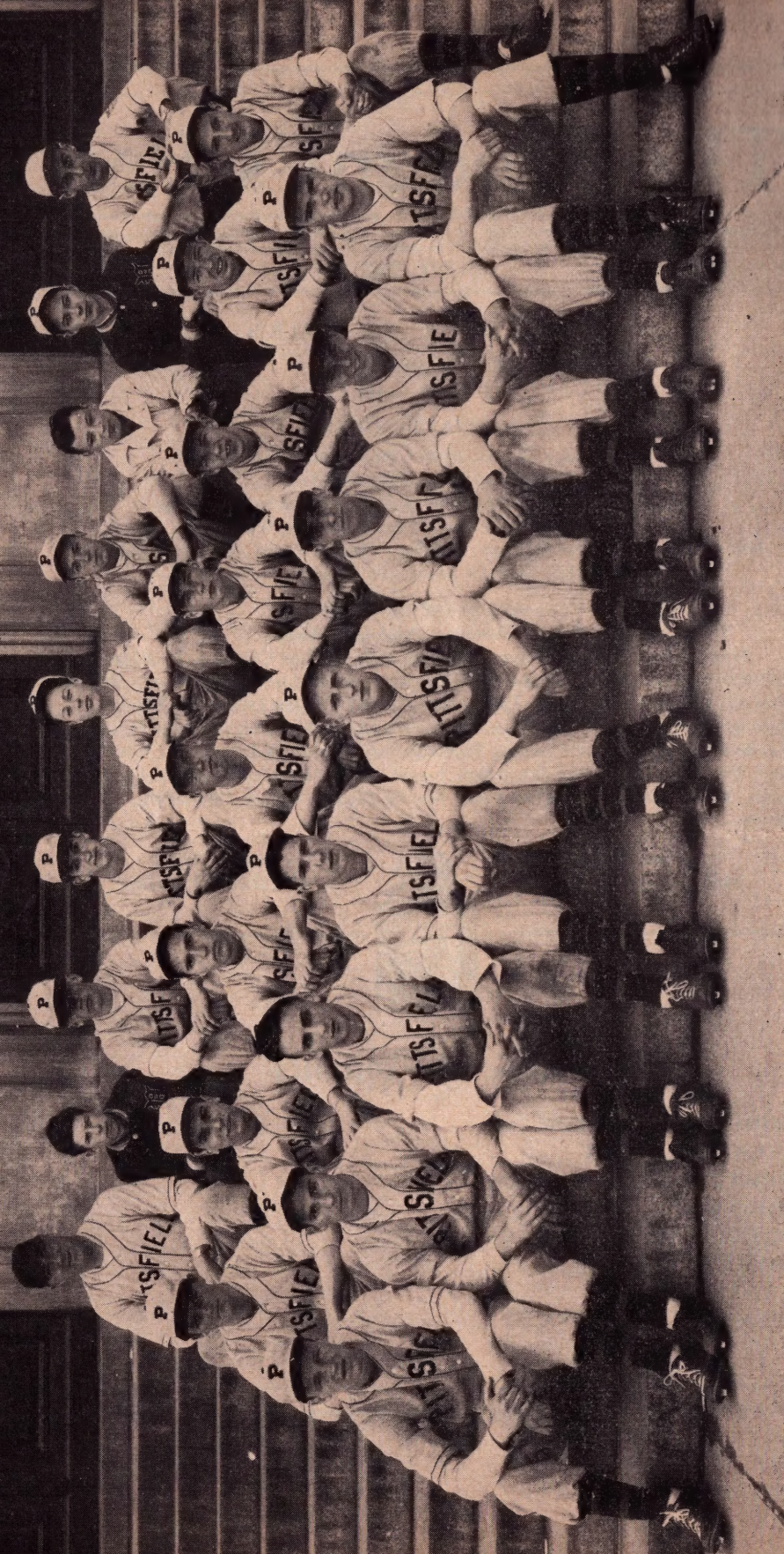
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Table of Contents

	Page
FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK	3
VOCATIONAL VIEWS	4
SHORT STORIES, ESSAYS POEMS	5
WHO'S WHO	16
SCHOOL NOTES	18
SPORTS	24
ALUMNI NOTES	27
HUMOR	29



1947 BASEBALL TEAM

First Row, left to right—Creer, Arpante, Quadrozzi, Capt. Ditmar, Parker, Troy, Caden, Wood.
Second row—Shields, Mele, Carpenter, Pucko, Gregory, Turner, McMahon, Dalone
Third row—Coach Fox, Bowlby, Klimetz, Sacchetti, Murray, Pyra, Siegal, Bouchane, manager, Coach Hickey.



ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

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A Tribute

By Janet Clark

THE first issue of *THE PEN*, our readers may remember, contained an editorial concerning the lack of P. H. S. school spirit in supporting our teams. Back in October when the future of our football team was still doubtful, there seemed a definite lack of school spirit—not only among the student body, but the team as well. At that time we called for more school pep and backing; Coach Fox did likewise. The question now would seem to be—how has P. H. S. responded throughout the year?

We all remember the first rallies where our cheerleaders outdid themselves in leading a definitely weak school cheering section. Undoubtedly this year's much-improved, stylishly dressed cheerleaders did a great deal to finally enliven us. However, as the football weeks rolled into the basketball season, our increasing enthusiasm became more evident not only at rallies and games, but during the school day as well. This can be attributed, without a doubt, to Coach Fox, who has been to all of us an inspiration and an example, and to the boys on our teams—football, basketball, ski, hockey, track, and baseball—who have proven what "teamwork" can really accomplish and what determination and enthusiasm can produce.

Our school owes this coach and these boys

a vote of thanks for the splendid job they have done this season to put P. H. S. where it should be—on top. They have proven that our faith in their ability was not unfounded, by finally achieving a cooperation and teamwork among themselves which has, in turn, been reflected in the enthusiasm and wholehearted support of the student body and faculty. Our captains, Bill Flynn, Armand Quadrozzi, Art Ditmar, Norman Higgins, Don Debacher, and Eddie Andrews deserve a well-earned pat on the back for their leadership.

Although P. H. S. still has a few rungs more to climb on the sports ladder of success, it is evident that it will take very few seasons to put our school in first place in all fields—that is, if our spirit remains on a par with our teams' successes. The Seniors, who will soon graduate, can look back on a very successful year with, perhaps, a sigh or two that they will be absent in following years to cheer P. H. S. teams on to greater glories. We leave with the underclassmen our encouragement—not only for the teams on the field, but the cheering section behind them who can do so much to win a game.

A finer coach could not be asked for; it is your privilege to back him up with all the spirit that P. H. S. can muster.

Vocational Views

By Arnold B. Arrowitz

NOW, as the present school year draws to a close, we stop to summarize what we have learned, and what we have done towards advancing our school. Graduation means going out into the world, and applying what we have learned in school to our future happiness. What has been learned is up to the individual, and future successes depend on what has been learned.

This writer, a staunch advocate of Vocational Training, feels quite guilty having to "rub it in"; nevertheless, here goes. If history repeats itself this country is due to suffer from an economic depression. After every war in which the U.S. has participated, we have had to face this business collapse.

Should the stock market crash again, millions of people will go unemployed, and many young people will have to return to school to keep from going stale. I prophesy a boom in vocational training that this city, unfortunately, is not equipped for. Young people, who are unable to find enough money to go to college, will take up a trade, and the Vocational department will be taxed greatly. The City of Pittsfield must begin now to prepare for this condition, build up this educational potential. The time is approaching when the Vocational Department of the high school will no longer be looked down upon, but instead, it will reach the crowning glory that has been set for it.

* * * * *

With this issue of THE STUDENT'S PEN the column above will pass into remembrance only. Your correspondent can only hope that he has impressed some students with the advantages of vocational education. The incoming classes are receiving guidance which has been lacking in the past. These students, and other future classes, will greatly increase

the demands made on the Vocational Department.

Many readers of this column probably do not realize that there are more students who now want to enter the Vocational School than the department can possibly accommodate. This alone is proof of the increased interest in this type of an education. With better and increased facilities, this department will become the pride of the community, and the high school.

TO THOSE GRADUATING

By Alma Rosenfield

Behold! the gates of dawn are wide;
The evil clouds of shadows drear,
The fears that in the black abide,
Now disappear.

Nor can a dimness try to shroud
The rainbow lights that are new-born;
And peerless beauty is endowed
Upon this morn.

Oh, open now are life's bright doors,
And on the knob you hold your hand;
And all the things beyond are yours
To understand.

Though now a cloud may mar your view,
This, too, before the sun will fade.
All the heaven will soon be blue;
Be not dismayed.

Before you now the bold new day
In all her glory is divine.
Stand bravely forth and proudly say,
"The world is mine!"

The Sky Above

By Ann Parnell

"He bathes in sun, he laughs with light,
But when the first rose shade of night
Spills on the sky, he is enchanted
With miracles we take for granted.
The first pale star may watch him till
Slow moonlight finds our window sill
An inch or so below his face,
Intent on evening's shadowed grace,
His small heart stitching the first frail seam
A boy needs to grow and dream."*

Is there anything as wonderful as to sit and watch the heavens roll by before you? Whether there be clouds, moon, or stars, or whether it be night or day, I never feel so glorious as when I am watching the sky. There is no relaxation quite so satisfying unless it is flying in the sky and at the same time being able to get a better glimpse of the earth below.

It gives me a feeling of utmost satisfaction to see the lazy, airy clouds drift across the heavens, first in the shape of towering palaces and then leisurely gliding into weird shapes of pre-historic animals with all of space to browse in. How restful it is to sit at a window in the winter and watch the moon in the black heavens reflecting its light on the cold, glistening landscape and making monstrous shadows as it shines on the trees and bushes.

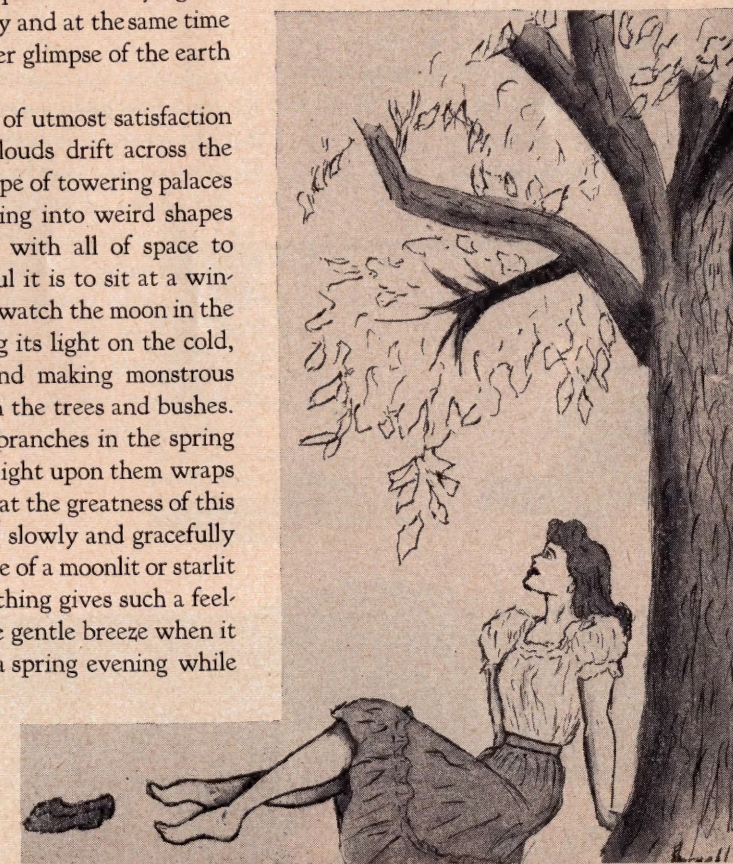
The laziness of the branches in the spring with the new leaves light upon them wraps me in awe and wonder at the greatness of this universe as they swing slowly and gracefully in the mild, warm breeze of a moonlit or starlit evening. Certainly nothing gives such a feeling of enjoyment as the gentle breeze when it caresses your cheek on a spring evening while you watch the lacy branches, outlined by the moonlight, drift to and fro.

*From "Boy at Window"
by Gladys McKee

Have you ever stood and let the wind blow through your hair as your thoughts soared skyward? The clouds sail swiftly by as your worries are blown away with the wind. The feeling of freedom is emphasized when a lone plane, with its lights blinking, drones across the sky, with the hum of its engines making a dent in the stillness of the night.

Dolce far niente is most likely to descend upon one, whether it be spring or summer, when she basks in the warm sun and watches the fleecy clouds as they drift along.

We cannot help but relax when we watch the sky for any length of time. There is something magnetic about the free open space around us which few can resist.





On the Edge of the Battlefield

By Ruth Ann Roberts

I dreamed a strange dream one night,
Myself and my heart within;
And now I have seen the light—
The light that was once so dim.

I stood on the edge of a battlefield
As huge as it ever could be,
And there were two billion people—
All in the world, save me.
They were called humans, God's children.
They were humans just like me;
But oh! when the fight was over,
How dreadful were humans to see.

I watched on the edge of the battlefield.
My innocent heart watched too.
But oh! by the end of the day
How heavy my poor heart grew.
I cried on the edge of the battlefield,
And within me my heart cried too;
For men rose up from their sleep
And took arms within my view.
They thought not of self nor death
But raged with a beastly might,
And screams tore the air and my heart
All through the bloody night.



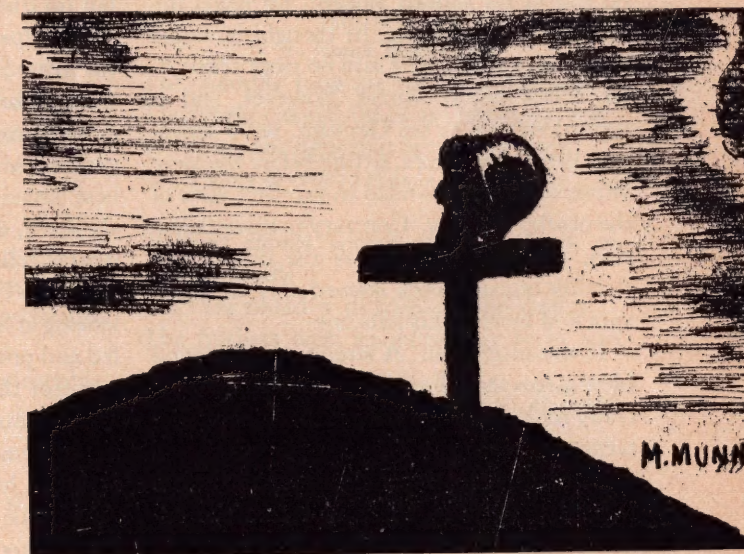
June, 1947

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And as the dawn approached
With its cool and balmy air,
They were warring with fiendish delight
Out on the battlefield there.
I saw huge and grizzly men
Who fought with a dogged skill.
I heard their roars and blows,
Then saw them dead and still.
And in the heat of noonday
My heart and I cried—"Stop!"
But they heard me not through the turmoil
They would fight to the last bright drop.
I writhed on the edge of the battlefield,
I saw each person die.
I saw brother turn on brother
With eye both proud and dry.
The dust grew thick and bloody
And caked with sweat and tears,
And human faces stiffened
With snarling, hateful leers.
The afternoon was stifling
With shrieks and wounds and fights;
My heart and I grew weary
Of all the sounds and sights.
The sun was hot and burning
And many were the dead.
And then at last came sunset
As the great orb sank to bed.

I sobbed on the edge of the battlefield
With an aching, weary heart.
And oh! how I wished that battle
Had never had its start.
And though I could not see
As the deep, dark night uncurled,
Oh, how I longed for Someone
Who would save that weary world!

And then over all spread a hush,
For a wonderful Child had birth.
And there started out on the battlefield
Good-will towards men on earth.



Our Hay Stands Uncut

By Donald Debacher

IT was morning. A light, brisk breeze was merrily playing with the alfalfa in the meadow just over the brook. The large green tassels, resembling fuzzy caterpillars, bobbed to and fro before the gentle spring wind.

"The hay'll be ready soon," Grandpa commented on his way to the chicken coop. "A few more weeks of this hot weather and we might draw two crops out of that field." We would need two crops for the next winter, with several new additions to Grandpa's fine Jersey herd due in a month.

Later in the morning we went to the barn to check on the haying equipment. The wagon wheels squeaked sharply, but a generous application of axle grease soon remedied the situation. A meticulous check of the hay mow and the great fork towering overhead revealed no flaws, and we started down the ladder. Then it happened. As he was descending the ladder, Grandpa complained of an acute pain in his right side. He harbored no fear of his sudden ailment, for being unaccustomed to sickness, he thought it would soon pass away and he said no more about it. He rested before dinner, however, and it seemed strange to see Grandpa, not a sedentary person by nature, sitting before the large window that commanded an excellent view of the nearby meadow. Contrary to his anticipation, the pain persisted as the days rolled steadily on, and work seemed only to aggravate and increase his affliction.

It was afternoon. A steady summer wind blew across the tall alfalfa, darkened and made ready for harvest by weeks of sunshine and intermittent showers. The strong breeze chased scuds of distant ominous clouds rapidly before it, and the hayfields bowed before the onslaught of Aeolus's charges.

"We'll be a little late with our haying this year," Grandpa told me. "This is some time to be sick, right around haying season. It'll mean a lot of work for you and 'Futty' when we get started." That was typical of him; never worried about his personal well-being, but constantly concerned with the welfare of those about him. It was traits of character similar to this that had gained for him the strong admiration and lasting friendship of the neighbors. On his frequent trips to town, with fresh vegetables and fruits from the bountiful gardens and orchards heavily laden with harvest, he was always cheerily greeted everywhere by everyone. Sunday afternoon visits to Grandpa's farm were almost a ritual with many men who walked the four miles to the "old homestead" to pitch horseshoes, sing songs, and as they would have laconically expressed it, "Have a heck of a good time." When Grandpa needed it, they lent a willing and helpful hand, asking nothing in return, but his friendship and occasional advice.

Grandpa's warmth of heart transcended the bounds of human companionship. He always liked animals, and they always were devoted to him. John and Topsy, his energetic horses, were in Grandpa's words, "the best around". Jack a large, black German shepherd, and Tony, a beautiful cream and white collie, followed under the wagon wherever Grandpa went. One could tell by looking at his Jersey herd that they were well fed and provided for, and Grandpa could tell you that they more than returned his gentle and solicitous care. He worried perpetually about them during the long, tedious summer. It broke his heart, when near the end of August, he had to sell his splendid herd and his two horses, for Grandpa was confined al-

most always now to a large comfortable arm chair; and he secretly realized, though he never once admitted it, that he would do no haying this season. He never complained; in fact, he often deprecated the constant attention and care shown him. The days dragged on with painful slowness as September came along, and each one seemed to be a little longer and a little harder to bear.

It was night. Outside, the high winds howled and battered incessantly at the door as if they were seeking admittance to escape their own fury. Torrents of rain beat a heavy, dull, monotonous tempo on the slate roof. Inside the candles flickered around the bier of the now stilled figure aloof in the dignity of death. It was well that Grandpa did not witness the storm; he had always greatly disliked to see copious rains fall and beat down hay that stood uncut.

A PATRIOTIC THOUGHT

By a Senior

Deep in my heart there is a song,
A song wanting to be heard,
Telling of the country to which I belong,
Whispering each silver-toned word.

America—What other nation can be compared to thee?

Your individuality is like a flaming brand.
Liberty—Queen of American soil,—Sentinel
of the sea,
On the crest of the waves, indestructible,
you stand.

America—How can one tell of thy greatness,
In a short simple rhyme?
Freedom, Democracy, Truth and Godliness,
Shall always, America, be thine.

VENTURES

By Phyllis Miller

Down through our field, a bubbling brook
Goes rushing on its way,
And when I was a little child
I'd go down there to play.
I'd have a twig to be my boat,
A tiny leaf as sail,
And send it on its merry trip
Down stream, o'er hill and dale.

THE STORM

By Myrtle Youngs

The black and massive clouds pile high
Like mountains in the western sky;
They cast a dreary shadow on
The golden world of summer sun.
The playing child runs to his mother;
The tramp seeks the red barn for cover.
Rain, blown by wind so gusty, free,
Rustles through each green-leaved tree.
Soon mountain streams rush swiftly past.
In skies completely overcast
The lightning flashes, thunder roars
Until the storm, its fury o'er,
Recedes. The tramp resumes his way;
The little child returns to play.

SIGNS

By James Robinson

The daffodils' faces are turned to the sun.
The bright colored tulips are blooming, too,
We all see the signs that Spring has begun
With a sky overhead that is azure blue.

Fleeting clouds spread their shadows on
distant hills
That are tinted with fragile pastel shades.
The freshets dash sparkling o'er rocks and
rills,
The grass spreads its soft carpet in leafy
glades.

With windows open we smell the sweet air,
The lush fragrance of flowers is everywhere,
A feeling of lethargy creeps up unaware
With a sense of release we banish each care.

A Gun for Freedom

By E. Suitor, Jr.

THE fire burns brightly, casting throughout the room strange shadows of the old man and his grandson sitting before the wide hearth. They both seem to be gazing with great interest at something just above the mantel. Now, as the fire flashes up we can make out in the brief moment's light an old gun hanging on the wall.

"Ay, 'twas a fine rifle indeed," exclaimed the old gray-haired man. "Everyone said so. Mr. Hutch, the gunsmith, said he had put his best work into it. Indeed, it was a rifle any young 'un would long to get his hands on and have for his own. That's the way 'twas fer me, m'lad, sixty-six years ago come tomorrow. Doesn't seem that long ago, though; seems like only yesterday that I stood before the gunshop door, breathless from running, my face flushed with excitement." . . .

"Mr. Hutch, Mr. Hutch!"

"What is it, boy, that brings ye chargin' into a peace-lovin' man's shop like this?"

"Do ye know what day 'tis?"

"Why, of course, April the 18th, 1775. Why?"

"Because April the 18th is my birthday an' I'm fourteen an' I can buy the rifle that my father said I couldn't get 'til I was fourteen an' I've worked hard so's I could buy it an'—"

"Hold on, hold on, lad! I know all that, so ye don't have to shout so loud. Now calm yourself and take your time in choosin' one of these guns here in the rack."

"Oh, no, Mr. Hutch, I want that one on the wall. That nice, shiny one. I want that one!"

"You do, do you! And do ye also know how much I'd be chargin' ye fer it?"

"Oh, yes, and here's the money. I've



counted it over and over so's I'm sure 'tis right."

"Heh, heh, heh! And here's the rifle, and I've known ye wanted it and intended to get it for quite a spell now, so let's not go through that again. Now get, and good luck to ye, lad!" . . .

The wrinkles on the old man's forehead deepened in thought. "And so all day long I played with, cleaned and polished my new prize. Then came night and with it bed-time for me. I would have taken that rifle to bed with me, but Mother was shocked at the thought of such. So I had to be content with just standing it by the wall 'side my big four poster bed. I was sleeping happily, my head full of sweet dreams in which I was a great hunter and marksman, when, of a sudden, I

was awakened by my mother's gentle shaking."

"Davey, Davey, are ye awake?"

"What? I guess so. Is there anything wrong?"

"Not exactly, son, but your father's asked me to come up here and ask a big favor of you."

"Yes, mother?"

"Well, Davey, lad, a man has just ridden up from Boston to warn us that the British are marching to Concord, and the man has asked father to come and help stop them."

"What for, Mother?"

"It's a long story, my son, but the sum 'n substance is that we people over here in the Colonies have been mistreated by the king and now the time's come to fight for our rights. That's why, Davey."

"Oh, yes, I've heard the men talk of such down at the gunshop. And now Father wants me to come and fight 'em by his side, is that it? Looks like I've just got my new gun in time!"

"No, son, I'm afraid you're too young to go off fighting with the men. But there is one thing you could do that would help a lot."

"What's that, Mother?"

"Well, your father's had some bad luck with his old rifle and now it doesn't work well. He wishes to borrow yours, if you will let him."

"My new rifle?"

"Yes, son."

"I—I—haven't even used it yet, but—yes, he can use it, Mother. Dad can use it."

"Thank you, son. I'm certain your father will be proud of you. Goodnight, and God bless you."

The old man and the boy looked up at the gun above the mantel once more. "And there 'tis, the rifle your great-grandfather used in the battle of Lexington."

The fire burns lower now. The two shadows are slowly melting away into the darkness. The boy sighs.

SOLILOQUY

(With Apologies to Shakespeare)

By Bruce Williams

To recite, or not to recite. What is the question?

Is it better to sit down and take a zero
Or to arise and make a mess of it?

To stand; to stammer

On and on, and by a speech to say we end
All the demands of teachers and thousands of glares

That pupils are heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To sit; to be silent;
To get a zero; perchance to flunk;—ay,
there's the rub,

For from our parents what reproofs may come,
When we have shown our next reports,
Must make us tremble. There's the respect
That makes dull study thrive.

For who would bear the howls of youth,
The hepcat's tears, the smooth Joe's groans
Upon the banning of the Junior Prom,
When he himself might some choice 80's make
By just a little work?

Who would zeros take,

To writhe and stutter through a grueling
period,
But that the thought of sleeping late i' the
morn'

Has tempted him and makes him choose
To take another forty winks before
He flies to classes that are dull and drab?
Thus slumber does make dopes of some of us;
And thus the innate thought of work
Is superceded by the thought of rest,
And enterprises of great literary merit
Are put aside, half-heartedly begun,
And miss chef—d'oeuvre perfection.

NIGHT

By Marjorie Sullivan

The shades of night do gently fall,
As softly as a maiden's sigh;
And everywhere the stars on high
Sprinkle with fire old Jove's dark pall.

THE TRAMP

By Irene Gorney

The clothes that he wore
Were all tattered and torn,
He was always like this
From the time he was born.

No work had he done
That was well or worth-while,
He died an old tramp
And owned only a smile.

MY MISFORTUNES

By Theda Litrides

Misfortunes plague me all my life
And fill my days with trial and strife.
When in my bathtub I do sing
Of Ivory Soap so mild and pure,
The telephone will shrilly ring—
Of that you can be really sure.
When tired of homes of stone and brick
I hike through woods with other folk,
A pretty little fern I pick—
And later find it's poison oak.
Goodbye to all my friends I'll wave
And I'll go join a Hermit's Guild,
But through my lonely mountain cave
They prob'ly will a railroad build.

TODAY'S HOMEWORK

By Nancy May

Some folk work and reason,
Others just sit by,
Miss Pfeiffer says, "Write poetry,"
Great Scott! I wonder why!
I do not like poetic things,
To write them makes me fret;
A tedious fortnight's labor
Has availed me nothing yet.
McKenna storms and stutters,
(It often lasts a day.)
His comment when he reads this
Will be, "Shut up! Miss May!"

ENVY OF A POET

By Priscilla Parsons

As children young we oft did hear
Of envy we should all steer clear;
But when I think of those of old
Who with their pens great poems told,
I can't yet quench that envy dark
That deep within my breast does spark.
For all I wish upon this night
Is that, by some odd chance, I might
Obtain by methods fair and just
A little of that ancient dust
By which the ones of high acclaim
Arose to lofty thrones of fame.
And thus I now know why they say
To envy is but useless play,
For, as you see, I've nothing gained
By envying those renowned and famed.

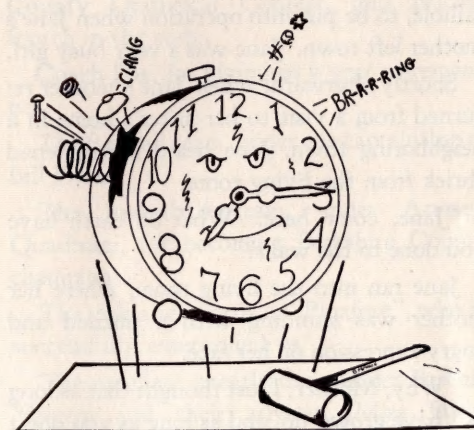
FISHING AT DAWN

By Alfred Bishop

I like to fish in early dawn,
When all the birds begin their song;
The sun, that soon will raise his head,
Has yet to stir in mountain bed.
The air is cool and lightly scented
With flowers wild and orchards tended.
Across the field of dewy grass
A startled doe, a pretty lass,
Goes bounding o'er the diamond moss;
To walk along a winding stream,
And fish for trout in limpid green,
Is finer far than rarest dream.
These joys are free, so can't you see
Why fishing is the sport for me?

There Goes That Ring Again

By Alma Rosenfield



DID you ever think how much an alarm clock looks like someone you dislike? To the husband this someone may be his mother-in-law; to the young man, his girl friend's kid brother; to the little schoolboy, perhaps his teacher; but in all cases it is someone who keeps you from having pleasure, pleasure in the form of that sleep which, whether you dream of a sunny beach in Florida or an algebra departmental, can still be delightful.

Man is forever waging bloody battles with this Frankenstein monster in *sleep's clothing*, but all has been in vain, for it still reigns supreme in the bedroom. In this struggle, as in all others, there have been many casualties. It has been estimated that in the last five years in Pittsfield alone there were one thousand glasses broken, five hundred books torn to pieces, and three thousand pillow cases that will never be the same after being hurled at the oppressor by the hand of an irate sleeper. One man it is rumored even attempted to throw his wife in a final effort to silence its

shrieking voice. So when you see walking down the street a man who is conspicuously bald, do not think that he lost his hair by age or worry, but rather realize the hard, cruel truth—that he, like so many others, had pulled it out early one bright morning, preferably Sunday when he could have slept at least until nine.

Let us face the truth. The inventor of the atomic bomb has loosed upon the earth a no greater menace than the inventor of the alarm clock did so many years ago. There is only one difference: one of these articles can destroy the world in a few days, while the other, far more inhuman, will take a long and painful process, at first consuming the fruits of man's labor, the books and pillow cases; then, man's beauty, his hair; finally, man's greatest interest, himself.

My experience with this menace to society, this breaker of homes, has been limited, that is, limited to turning it off every morning by reaching out a hand for it and knocking everything on the bureau over before touching it. In fact once I broke the tops of three perfume bottles before I finally discovered and silenced my tormentor.

My hand is beginning to shake with displeasure as I write about the tragedy that is fast approaching. I can only say that man has certainly degenerated to have given up the fight for life (or rather sleep).

At present there seems to be little hope that man will ever break the chains that bind him to his servile lot at the hands of the alarm clock. We can only hope and pray that someday right will triumph over might. Then in the words of Al Capp's famous character, we can all say, "O, happy day!"

Who Cares?

By Grace L. Halsey

JANE slammed the door and stalked down the street. Her mind was in a turmoil.

"Who cares? Just because I'm only sixteen, I'm treated like a baby. Shouldn't do this; shouldn't do that. Everyone in town is freer than I am. Even Butch can go where he wants."

Muttering to herself, she automatically turned up the walk that led to Marcia's house. Marcia was her best friend, and like all girls, her first thought in time of trouble, was to rush to her friend.

"Marcia, I want to see you."

Marcia, her hair in curlers and her face smeared with cream, looked down the stairs and called, "Come on up. I have something scrumptious to show you."

For a girl supposedly with the burdens of the world on her shoulders, Jane certainly seemed lively enough as she ran up the stairs, calling,

"Marcia, the most ghastly thing has happened. Mother says that I can't go with you to the Lodge. She says that I am too young to work away from home, but I simply must make some money this summer. How can we possibly persuade her to let me go?"

"The only way I can think of is to show your mother that you are able to take care of yourself," replied Marcia.

"And how can we do that?" asked Jane.

"Well, didn't you say that your mother was going away for two days? If she does, couldn't we—I mean you—do something spectacular while she is gone?"

Jane looked thoughtful. "What could we do?" she asked.

"Let's think it over for the next few days," answered Marcia.

So for the next few days the two girls held numerous conferences, and finally they

evolved a plan that they then thought infallible, to be put into operation when Jane's mother left town. Jane was a very busy girl.

Shortly afterward, when Jane's mother returned from a visit to her sister's home in a neighboring town, Jane heard a frightened shriek from the living room.

"Jane, come here. What on earth have you done to the walls?"

Jane ran into the living room, where her mother was standing with a puzzled and angry expression on her face.

"Why, Mother, I just thought that as long as I have grown up, and as long as you don't seem to realize this fact, I'd prove it to you, all by myself. So I bought the paper and papered the walls. Of course, in some spots the paper is wrinkled, but that gives the room a distinctly original look, don't you think?"

Her mother gazed at her daughter with a hopeless expression, and said in a voice that was not entirely steady, "You certainly have convinced me, dear, that you most certainly should stay very near your mother this summer."

SUMMER VACATION

By Myrtle Youngs

There will soon come a time, as there does each spring

When we must plan what vacation will bring. For some the lake is the place to go,

To plow the waves, when the wind doth blow;

Some by foot traverse the land,

While others recline on the beach in the sand; Many relax in a shady nook,

Held in the gray of a mystery book,

But all look forward with great expectation, To every moment of summer vacation.

Orchids to:

The Student Council, and its energetic President, Eddie Maska.

Chuck Bordeau, for winning the Berkshire County Oratorical Contest, and placing fourth in the state.

Coach Fox, for giving us a year to remember.

The football team, under the captainship of Bill Flynn.

The basketball team, under Armand Quadrozzi, for becoming Berkshire County champions.

The cast and chorus of "Pinafore", who so successfully entertained us.

The excellent cheerleaders, under Barbara Vettors and their adviser, Miss Eileen Murphy.

Mr. Gorman, who made his usual successful season's direction of the orchestra, band, and glee club.

"Merc" Contenta and the other Junior Class officers, who are doing such a fine job.

The Year Book Staff and its chairman, Nicky Mele.

The Gym Department for its annual exhibition.

The Senior Class officers—Marty Flynn, Bill Paris, Rosemary Durwin, Faye Canavan and Jackie Gagnier. They've shown real ability and class spirit.

Mary Granfield, Pete Preble, and their committees, for that much talked about Junior Prom.

The ski team for winning the Berkshire Interscholastic Ski Meet.

The Junior Class, for realizing the potentialities of the Vocational Department.

The Senior Prom co-chairmen, Johnny Trasatti and Brendan O'Hearn.

"Bobo" Bouchane, for his record of three years of outstanding service as manager of athletic teams.



"AND AS BEST ALL 'ROUND GIRL . . ."

Margaret Beahan and her Good Will Committee for spreading cheer among the seniors who were ill during the year.

Verne Goodwin for winning the Massachusetts downhill and slalom ski championships.

The hockey team and Mr. Carmody for an outstanding hockey season.

THE STUDENT'S PEN Staff for winning again a First Place rating in the Columbia Scholastic Press contest.

Miss Kaliher and Mr. Conroy, who have so successfully managed the Junior and Senior Classes, respectively.

Mr. Strout, Miss Parker, and the other members of the faculty who have helped and guided us through the past year.

Who's Who



"THE PROF"

Gather 'round everybody and meet Bruce Williams, a very active P.H.S. senior. Among the many activities with which he is associated are: Homeroom Representative, Band and Orchestra, STUDENT'S PEN, Class Day Committee, and Activity Committee of the Year Book.

History rates high with Bruce, who has no dislikes. As for food, he will eat almost anything. Girls!?!—Well—definitely not silly ones. For the future, and I quote "I might end up there behind the desk." If so, best of luck to our future teacher.



PICTURE, PLEASE!

This busy senior is Angela Conte, better known as "Ang". Aside from being a Home Room Representative, she is chairman of the Picture Committee for the Year Book and a member of Delta Tri-Hi-Y. Her favorite pastime is dreaming while listening to "Stardust", and eating French fries and chocolate cake! She says her favorite subject is book-keeping and her pet peeve, homework.

Her main ambition is to open up a delicatessen and be the world's best grocer.



VICE-PRESIDENT

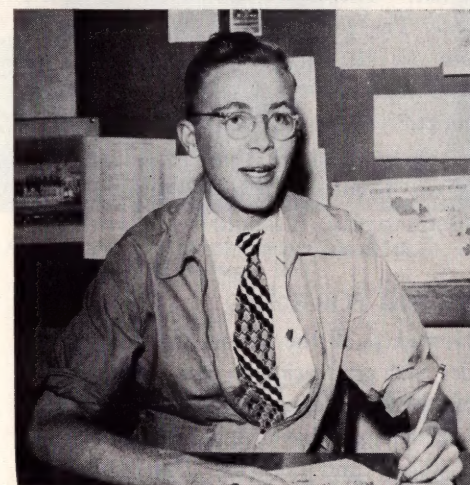
Introducing Rosemary Eagan. This popular senior is vice president of the Student Council, secretary-treasurer of the "Oasis," vice president of Sigma Tri-Hi-Y, and on the Senior Banquet Committee. She's active in all sports, but she likes swimming and skiing especially. She plans to attend the College of St. Rose and to study nursing.

June, 1947

17

HUMOR EDITOR

Step right up and meet Marcia Weller, one of our busiest seniors. Even with her duties as a member of the Glee Club and Class Day Committee, a Home Room Representative, and Editor of the Humor column, Marcia still finds time for her favorite hobbies, photography and eating Model Dairy ice cream. On the whole, she loves life but her pet peeves are lumpy potatoes and soft ice cream (Not that we blame her!) Best of luck to you, Marcia, in your plans to become a laboratory technician.



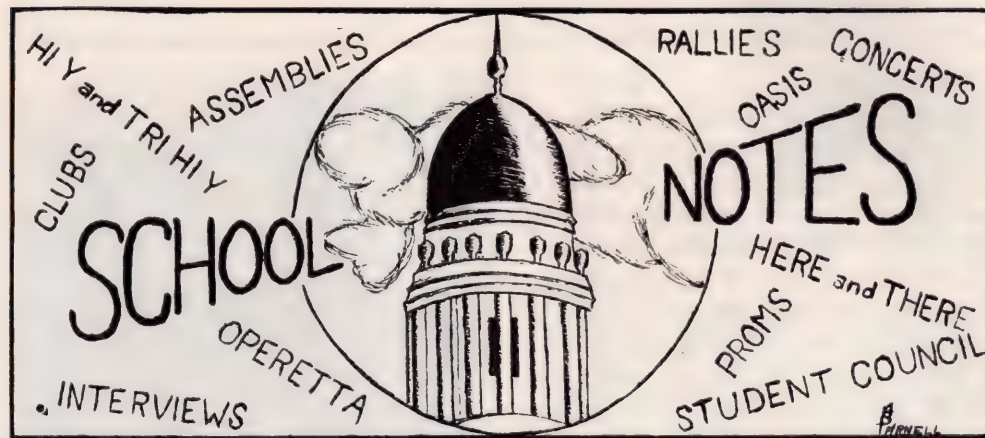
"STRETCH"

We've probably all seen this well-known senior, Bruce Brown, in the operetta. He's also chairman of the Year Book Art Committee and belongs to Torch-Hi-Y. As for food, grilled cheese sandwiches head the list. On another important subject he says, (quote) Girls are definitely here to say. The one thing wrong with them is, that I don't know enough of them (unquote). Basketball and swimming are his favorite sports and his future plans are to go South to acquire a college education and a southern accent!

TALENTED MISS

Meet Coralie Howe—equally expert with a needle or a short story, the latter ability being used to advantage as THE PEN Short Story Editor. Her favorite sports are skiing and skating. Dancing and boys who are sharp come first on Coralie's list, with her dislikes ranging from hot weather to responsibilities. Although getting married is "Corky's" greatest ambition, she is now looking forward to attending the Traphagen School of Fashion Designing where she has been accepted for next year.





SENIOR CLASS NOTES CLASS DAY

It's the Gay Nineties. To be exact it's 1897, fifty years ago. Yes, that's the theme for the Senior Class Day Program to be held on June 10. Eddie Maska is chairman.

This year at the tree planting ceremony, the Class of '47 will have as its speaker, Charles Bordeau.

The members of the Class Day committee are Marie McCarthy, Norman Najimy, Armand LaSorsa, Lauriston Gale, Nancy May, Bruce Williams, Eleanor Whitman, Marcia Weller, John McLaughlan, and John Horrigan.

With a setup like this, the event is sure to be successful.

BANQUET (Speaking Program)

Toast to Faculty—Donald Debacher

Toast to Girls—John Trasatti

Toast to Boys—Patricia O'Hearn

Boy } Athletes { Mildred Barnes
Girl } { William Flynn

Invitations—Miss Rosemary Eagan
10 South Merriam St.

Programs—Jack Horrigan

Decorations—Mary McCarthy

Seating arrangements—Rosemary Trifilo

GRADUATION

This year's graduation will closely resemble last year's except, of course, for the students involved. It will be held outdoors, weather permitting, on June 15.

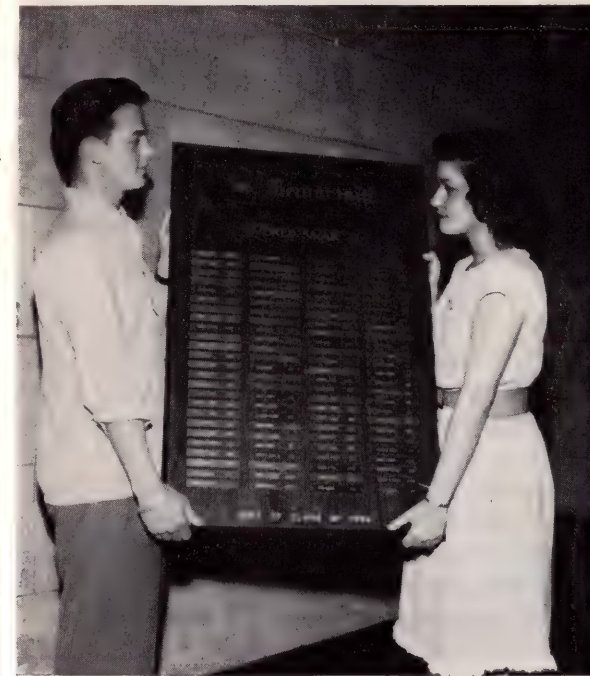
SENIOR PROM AND BANQUET

What? The Senior Prom and Banquet. Where? The Hotel Sheraton. When? June 11. These are the questions and answers to that all important event, the Senior Prom and Banquet.

Its chairmen, John Trasatti and Brendan O'Hearn, have arranged for Danny Barzie's orchestra to play. It should be a gala evening.

LOOKING FORWARD

Nowadays all the seniors are wearing big smiles with graduation so near, but extra big ones adorn the faces of the following fortunate people who have been accepted at various schools and colleges: Don Debacher, R.P.I.; Ruth McKean, Hood; Janet Clark, Bates; Dot Prendergast, Bern Donnelly, and Kay Eberle, Our Lady of the Elms; Rosey Eagan, St. Rose; Myrtle Youngs, Green Mountain; Doris Gall, Therese Walsh, Roslyn Feldstein, and Priscilla Strong, Bishop Memorial Training School; Thelma Coe, American School of Ballet; Coralie Howe, Traphagen School of Design; Charlotte Eberwein, Skidmore; Bob Lambert, Holy Cross; Bob Barba, St. Michael's; Harold Agar, Antioch; Norm Najimy, Worcester State Teachers' College; Chuck Bordeau, Northeastern; Barbara Bass, Mt. Sinai Hospital; Georgia Spring, Fashion Academy of Design; Ellen Stephens, Lowell State Teachers' College.



Athena Giftos and Alfred Bishop, Class of '46, inspect the Honor Roll

Honor Roll Presented

By Ruth E. McKean

"HONOR is due to all who participated in the conflict, but especially to those who made the supreme sacrifice." These words were spoken by Alfred Bishop when, as representative of the Class of '46, he presented the Honor Roll in memory of those former Pittsfield High students who gave their lives in World War II. This service took place on April 18, and it was one that none of us will soon forget. Last year's graduating class may well be proud, too, of its other speaker, Athena Giftos. Also, beautifully completing the program, was the orchestra's playing of "Intermezzo," Priscilla Desmond's singing of "Ave Maria," and Mr. Strout's short, appropriate talk. Finally, following a moment of silent prayer, taps were played.

Highest ranking officer on the memorial is

Brigadier General George J. Walker. There is also the name of one woman, Lieutenant Harriet E. Bridge of the Army Nurse Corps. The Class of '39 with twelve casualties contributed most heavily.

This walnut plaque already bears one hundred gold names. Soon seven more are to be added—Paul Boland, Sol Lipshitz, Harry Mierzejewski, Gustave Secunda, George Lester Shepherd, Louis Tezza, and Alexander Walker. If any other additions need to be made, Miss Helene Millet, who was adviser to the Class of 1946, would appreciate being told of them.

JUNIOR PROM

In the spring (so 'tis said) a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of . . . the Junior Prom, of course!

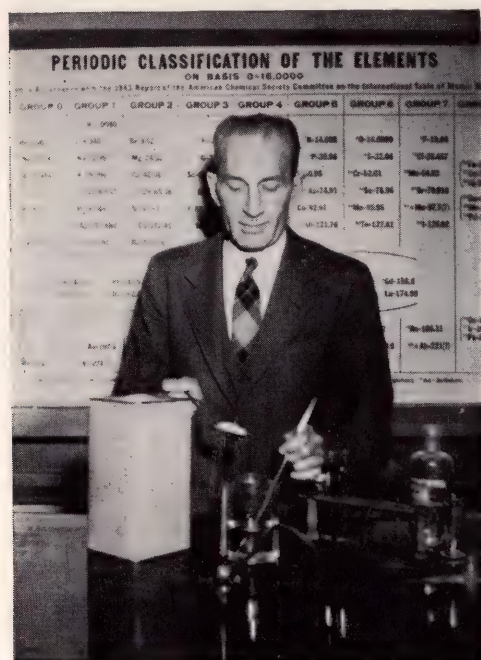
This year was no exception for on May 23 hundreds turned out for this big event. The reception committee was on hand to greet the new arrivals, and to give gaily trimmed programs to each couple. A profusion of colored crepe paper and flowers, both artificial and real, adorned the walls. The theme of the Prom was the song "April Showers" and the gym was decorated accordingly. Danny Barzie's orchestra furnished smooth music for dancing.

Orchids to the Juniors for a highly successful Prom.

Co-Chairmen—Mary Granfield, Warren Preble; Reception and Invitation—Marjorie Harrington; Checking—Edward Strauss; Tickets—Harvey Robinson; Posters—Betty Jensen; Music—Fred Tregaskis; Advertising—Earl Suitor; Refreshments—Jane Nesbit; Program—Doris Smith; Decorating—Eleanor Lynch.

THE WINNERS

The prize winning Junior Prom poster makers include: First prize—Coralie Howe; Second prize—Jack Fitch; Honorable Mention—Marilyn Shaughnessy, James Crennan.



MEET THE FACULTY MR. JAMES F. DAVISON

If you have ever walked along the third floor corridor between classes, you must have seen Mr. James F. Davison in one of the chemistry rooms.

Mr. Davison has taught biology and chemistry at P. H. S. since 1934, with the exception of the three and one-half years he served as a technical sergeant in the army. A graduate of St. Anselm's College, he majored in chemistry and later studied at Cornell University and at M.I.T.

As he has taught here for about nine years, one might assume that Mr. Davison has a few pet peeves concerning his students. True, he has one. He does not like people who don't clean their lab desks and apparatus. (Do you blame him?) Aside from his hobby of reading about and experimenting with practical electricity, he likes football and enjoys a good game of golf.

Get to meet him, folks, and you will feel toward him as his students do—he is one of our favorite teachers.

BAND CONCERT

The Band Concert, which is to be presented on June 6, under the direction of Mr. F. Carl Gorman, at 8.15 P. M. will consist of the following program:

1. March: Tenth Regiment *Hall*
2. Overture: Stradella *Flotow*
3. Clarinet Solo: Serenade and Polonaise *Missud*

By Robert Wyble

4. Victor Herbert Favorites *Herbert*
5. Waltz: Blue Danube *Strauss*
6. Tone Poem: Finlandia *Sibelius*
7. Tannhauser March *Wagner*
8. Exhibition by Drum Major and Majorettes

Led by Betty Ann Dwyer

9. March: Lights Out *McCoy*
- The instructor of the majorettes will be Ernest S. Drew of Springfield.

NEW OFFICERS IN TRI-HI-Y

Best of luck to the following Tri-Hi-Y officers who have been elected for 1947-48.

Beta

President, Mary Granfield; Vice President, Joan Martin; Secretary, Jane Nesbit; Treasurer, Marilyn Shaughnessy; Chaplain Warden, Joan Dennison.

Alpha

President, Beverly Higgins; Vice President, Marilyn Garrity; Secretary, Barbara Dunham; Treasurer, Margaret Kelly; Chaplain Warden, Marjorie Sununu.

Zeta

President, Jeanne Lowery; Vice President, Alice Cowley; Secretary, Theresa Russo; Treasurer, Beverly Rose; Chaplain Warden, Rita Byrne.

Sigma

President, Mary Monteleone; Vice President, Kenya Calhoun; Secretary, Rosemarie Fiorini; Treasurer, Clair Magri; Chaplain Warden, Phyllis Mastrangelo.

THE CAMERA CLUB

"Show interest in your local photo enterprises. Visit studios and photo finishing establishments. Learn photography from the ground up. Create interest by having variety." These were the words of Mr. G. Udel of the Udel Studio, who spoke to the Camera Club late in March. Mr. Udel, who gave many suggestions on ways to improve club meetings, also remarked, "Teach those interested how to develop and print their own pictures, and don't forget to teach them how to mix chemicals. Chemicals are the basis of good prints and their preparation should not be slighted."

Mr. Udel then extended an invitation to the club to visit his studio at the following meeting. On April 10 the club met there and were shown many of the various techniques required in professional photography. The members were also allowed to experiment with studio lighting arrangements. The club is indeed grateful for the helpful advice of Mr. Udel.

The members of the club would like to thank the officers for their splendid programs and the great amount of work that they did. They wish especially to thank Sanford Shepardson, club president, who made the club possible this year.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLUB

"How many saw the movie 'Abie's Irish Rose', and how many saw the play?" asked Robert Wyble, who recently addressed the Motion Picture Club on the topic, "The Play as Compared with the Movie." Bob's talk centered around the differences between the play and the movie. According to Bob, the chief differences between them lay in the introduction and the wedding scene. The introduction of the movie had been very much modernized to fit the present time. The wedding scene was much more colorful in the play as the stage had been filled with orange trees, orange blossoms, and oranges.

Louise Elliot gave a good summary of the plot of the movie so that even those who had not seen it became well acquainted with the course of action.

All of this program was managed under the direction of Robert Lauth, the discussion leader. The movie was rated three stars.

The other movie chosen for April was "It's a Wonderful Life", and although no formal discussion of it took place, it was considered a very good club picture.

Priscilla Parsons, another active club member, gave an entertaining talk titled, "What Makes a Good Movie". Her material was gathered from an article appearing in the February issue of Film and Radio Guide.

"The main points of a good movie," said Priscilla, "are these: the plot should reflect life as it really is; the story should contain high entertainment value; and the movie as a whole should positively dramatize the good."

The Motion Picture Club would like to thank Miss Laura Hodges, club adviser, for her unceasing efforts to make the club successful in the past year.

TRAVEL TALK

Mexico was the theme of Dr. Alson B. Keeler's program on May 8. Through an excellent colored film accompanied by Dr. Keeler's interesting commentaries, we learned much about our "South of the Border" neighbors at work and play.

IDEAL SENIOR

Hair—Pete Caden, Joan Foote
Eyes—Marty Flynn, Marg Beahan
Teeth—Bob Lambert, Claire McEachron
Smile—Bill Flynn, Rosey Eagan
Complexion—Norman Blanchard, Therese Walsh
Figure (Physique)—Joan Hassett, Bill Paris
Brains—Don Debacher, Eleanor Whitman
Clothes—Johnny Trasatti, Ann Palmer
Personality—Carrot O'Hearn, Jackie Gagnier

"WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG"

Just to help our readers identify the young people on the opposite page, we give you the following clues:

Top row—Barbara Peterson, Marcia Weller, Donald Debacher.

Middle row—William Bagg, Patricia and Brendan O'Hearn.

Bottom row—Priscilla Retallick, Lorraine Hanford, Barbara Vettters.

In Appreciation

By Janet Clark, Editor

WITH the final issue of THE PEN on its way to the printer, I can reflect on a memorable year—a year made inspiring by the help of many people:

Miss Pfeiffer, to whom any expression of thanks would be woefully inadequate.

Mr. Hennessey, who has overseen the business end of THE PEN so skillfully and enthusiastically.

Claire Rosenfield, who has not only been a successful Advertising Manager, but a frequent literary contributor as well.

Alma Rosenfield, whose poetry has inspired and whose humor has entertained.

Ruth McKean, Bruce Mattoon, and Bruce Williams for their many essays.

Marjorie Sullivan, who has been an indispensable and untiring School Notes Editor.

Arnold Arrowitz, who has given us all a new picture of Vocational.

Coralie Howe, Short Story Editor, who has brightened the pages with her entertaining short stories.

Pat O'Hearn who has diligently edited her Girls' Sports column to the interest and enlightenment of her readers.

Chuck Bordeau and his sports writers, who have contributed many vivid word-pictures of our games.

Marcia Weller, who has unfailingly come forth with her refreshing Humor Column.

Mariel Butler and her Art Staff, who have beautified each issue with their work.

Marilyn Reder and Americo Contenta who have added a few new twists to our photography department.

Mr. Root, our printer, who has so cheerfully raced to make our deadlines.

Mr. Gilson, our engraver, who has produced many a last minute engraving.

All the hard-working members of the Editorial and Advertising staffs, without whose help nothing could have been accomplished.

All the readers of THE PEN for the encouragement and help they have given me.

Staff Note: Our grateful thanks to our editor, Janet Clark, who is tops in co-operation, inspiration, good humor, and friendliness.

GOODBYE P.H.S.

By Lillian Torrero

We'll miss your cafeteria, and the tables where we ate,

We'll miss the ringing bells, and "tardy slips" when late.

We'll miss the auditorium, the fun at rallies, and—

We'll miss the speeches from Mr. Strout, and music from the band.

We'll miss the noise of the lockers; how they slam when day is through

We'll miss the "click" of the typewriters, and the rush in the corridors, too.

The thought of the school and faculty, that we've worked with all these years,

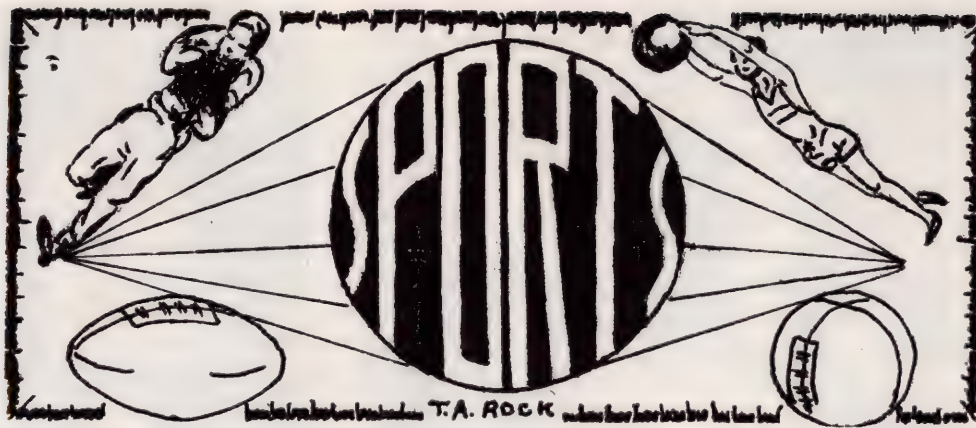
The thought that now we'll leave all this, fills our hearts with tears.

So to the elms that grow around it, and to all in Pittsfield High,

We Seniors say, "We'll miss you! Good Luck! and Goodbye!!"



"When We Were Very Young"



1947 PITTSFIELD TRACK SEASON

Berkshire	77	P. H. S.	27
Springfield Tech	50	P. H. S.	49
P. H. S.	81	Drury	23

May 31—Western Massachusetts
Track Meet

ST. JOSEPH'S 6—PITTSFIELD 5

By Charles Bordeau

In the most important contest of the current season Pittsfield High School's baseball team lost a hard-fought, breath-taking thriller to St. Joseph's High of the city at Dorothy Deming Field, May 10.

A neat pitching duel, as was expected, prevailed until the last of the fifth. In that inning, successive singles by Carolo DiNicola, Paul Roberts, and Hawboldt accounted for two runs for St. Joseph. In the sixth, another run was scored on Billy McMahon's single to right center.

Going into the first of the eighth, St. Joe led by three runs. Armand Quadrozzi and Marty Wood, however, opened the inning by walking. Donnie Troy followed by smashing a hard-hit double to left. Quadrozzi scored. Wally Creer, the only Pittsfield player to have two hits, singled sending home two runs to knot the score. Ditmar reached first on an error. McMahon walked Parker and Pucko, forcing in the tie-breaking run. Pittsfield led 4 to 3 with only an inning and a half to play.

Bobby Hayes, who had three hits for the winners, led off the last of the eighth with a

single. Goyette sacrificed him to second, but he was tagged out at the plate after attempting to score on Ditmar's wild pitch and Creer's wild peg to third. Armand Quadrozzi played heads-up ball in pitching a strike from left field after recovering the ball. With two outs, Gabriel walked. He stole second and went to third on Reddington's single. Donnie Troy made a beautiful stop of this hit, but he threw off balance and Gabriel scored when the ball went out of Pete Caden's reach. Reddington scored the tie breaking run on McMahon's second hit.

Going into the ninth, St. Joseph led five to four. Rit Arpante opened with a single. He went to second on a sacrifice. He attempted to steal and scored when Gabriel's peg went into left field. The score was tied again.

Marty Wood pulled two fielding gems to retire the first two batters in the last of the ninth. Then, however, Hawboldt singled and Hayes tripled to win the ball game. The final score was St. Joseph's 6, Pittsfield 5.

PITTSFIELD 4—DRURY 0

By Charles Bordeau

Behind the superb pitching of sophomore right-hander Dick Pucko the 1947 Pittsfield High baseball team beat Drury High of North Adams 4 to 0 at Noel Field on May 3.

Not only was Pucko the pitching star of the game, mowing down sixteen batters by the strikeout route; but he also batted in two runs with smashing singles. Pittsfield jumped on Drury's Dick Lefebvre for two runs in the

first frame. With two outs and none on, Marty Wood reached first on an error. Donnie Troy, who was the hitting and fielding star of the day, lashed out a line triple to right, scoring Wood. Donnie came home on Bakey's wild peg to plate. Bobby Parker's double in the second and single in the fourth were followed up by Pucko's singles to account for the other tallies.

Pucko allowed only five hits, two of which were made by first baseman Bill Trombley. Pete Caden had a triple for the Purple, but they could not bring him home. Ditmar, Quadrozzi, and Wood had single blows. Wally Creer did a creditable job behind the plate. Only one base was stolen by Drury.

P. H. S. 2—DALTON 0

By James Dillon

Renewing their old baseball rivalry for the first time this year, Pittsfield High and their Dalton neighbors met at Clapp Park on April 29, with the former listed as heavy favorites. The local fans and ballplayers, however, were not counting on the ability of Dalton's south-paw slow-baller, Ki Hamilton.

Pittsfield, rated one of the three powers of the North Berkshire League, finally managed to bunch four singles in the fourth frame to eke out a 2-0 victory. The veteran Art Ditmar, besides collecting his first win of the year, was the all-around star, getting two singles and driving in a run. He let the Paper-townners down with two hits, also.

Hamilton himself was the culprit in the fourth, when successive singles by Walt Creer, Quadrozzi, Ditmar, and Bobby Parker were good for the winning runs, but he averted further scoring by getting the next three men on easy outs. Except for this inning, Hamilton succeeded in scattering three hits for the rest of the contest.

There was fairly good fielding by both sides, and the fans were shown a keen

pitcher's duel. The only extra base blows were both doubles; one by Wood in the first inning, and Hamilton's in the fifth, which Rit Arpante played very well in left field. Both hitters were stranded on second base.

The box score:

	H	R	E
Pittsfield	7	2	2
Dalton	2	0	3

PITTSFIELD 21—WILLIAMSTOWN 1

By Charles Bordeau

The Pittsfield High baseball team opened its 1947 season with a walkover victory, scoring twenty-one runs in six innings against the Williamstown High nine at Clapp Park.

However impressive the score may appear, there were a few unfortunate incidents in the game. In the first inning, Captain Art Ditmar was forced to retire from his mound duties, because of a violent headache, but Dick Pucko hurled a fine relief job. Pittsfield's offensive power was not so impressive as the score may indicate. Many of the runs were the result of faulty fielding and not of smashing hits. The twenty-one runs were made on twelve hits. Bob Parker led the attack with four hits in five trips.

On the other hand Pittsfield's infield and outfield combinations played a neat, defensive game.

TECH 50—PITTSFIELD 49

By Charles Bordeau

Pittsfield High School's 1947 track team was defeated by Tech High of Springfield by a mere point on May 14.

A decided edge in running won the meet for the Tech team. Jack MacBeth for the second straight meet paced the point-getters of the Purple, placing first in the broad jump and discus, and third in the shot put.

Jack Fitch easily captured the 100-yard dash, but pulled a leg muscle and was unable to enter the 220. Don Debacher won the

hurdles giving Pittsfield five points. Eddie Andrews, besides taking first place in the high jumping contest, placed third in the mile. Lee Stack won the javelin with Dom Diczko placing second.

Norman Blanchard after a close contest, placed second in the mile run. Bob Archambeault missed winning the shot put by a fraction of an inch and Fred Tregaskis lost second place in the broad jump by an inch. A win by either would have won the meet for Pittsfield.

Petrzella and Hoover, placed second and third in the discus to make a clean sweep of that event for Pittsfield. The final score was Tech 50—Pittsfield 49.

BERKSHIRE 77—PITTSFIELD 27

By Charles Bordeau

The Pittsfield High track team lost to Berkshire School of Sheffield 77 to 27 at Sheffield, May 10.

Berkshire captured first place in every event except the javelin. Dom Diczko broke the Berkshire record of 167 feet by throwing the javelin 172 feet, 1 inch.

Pete Jenckes of Berkshire won for his school the 100-yard dash and the broad jump. He tied for first in the pole vault and was second in the high jump.

Jack MacBeth was responsible for 9 of Pittsfield's 27 points, placing second in the shot put, the discus, and the broad jump. Eddie Andrews placed third in the high jump and the mile. Jack Fitch was second in the 100-yard dash.

BASEBALL SCORES TO DATE

Pittsfield	21	Williamstown	1
Pittsfield	2	Dalton	0
Pittsfield	4	Drury	0
Pittsfield	25	Bennington	0
Pittsfield	5	St. Joseph's	6
Pittsfield	9	Adams	4
Pittsfield	14	Williamstown	1
Pittsfield	9	Williams Frosh	1
Pittsfield	10	Dalton	4

THE GYM EXHIBITION

By Patricia O'Hearn

Success marked the end of long months of steady work and practicing for the students who took part in the Gym Exhibition on May 9 in the auditorium. With a crowd of over 1300 in the audience, the 150 sophomores, juniors, and seniors did their "stuff".

The program included spectacular high dives by Don Rollins, the lifting of 180 pounds by Jack Fitch, and tumbling for the boys.

The girls displayed perfect poise and coordination in their dances, which represented six countries, including Mexico, Poland, Italy, Ireland, Russia, and the United States.

The good old American square dance seemed to be the highlight of the exhibition. Joan Hassett and Rosemary Eagan calling the dance in typical farmerette style, "brought down the house."

The spirit of American brotherhood which was prevalent throughout the entire performance terminated with the dancers gathered about Liberty, who unfurled the American flag as the band played the national anthem.

BADMINTON

Badminton is in full swing now almost every day after school. It's popularity is continually increasing as shown by the number of girls taking part in the play-offs.

Two sophomore girls who have progressed quite rapidly are Mitzi Eberwein and Phyllis Lisi. As for the juniors, Alma and Claire Rosenfield are very promising. For the seniors, there is a person who is outstanding whom we have never heard of before! She is Mildred Barnes! Along with "Millie", Rosemary Eagan is playing a fine game.

The tournament is only two-thirds over, and almost anything can happen with a group of girls. Do you agree?



"Two is a company, but three is a crowd?" Certainly not with the Eighth Army in Osaka, Japan. Here three Pittsfield High boys are together and have been ever since their induction on September 23, 1946. These fighting men are Private Russell Rocca, Pvt. Leonard B. Kohlhofer, a graduate from P.H.S. in '37 and from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in '42, and Private Frank J. Carnevale (left to right).

Also with our Army in Japan are four graduates from the class of '46, these being James Coughlin, Raymond (Murph) Connors, Winthrop Gutmann and Joseph Bolster.

Grace F. Hough, a graduate of '45, has been elected president of next year's Junior Class at Skidmore College. Grace has been vice-president of her class during this year in addition to holding other offices.

William Troy, known to all of us at P.H.S. as Bill, has been elected president of the Maroon Key, sophomore honor society at the University of Massachusetts.

Mildred Kinghorn, a sophomore at the University of Massachusetts has been elected Junior Class representative to the Judiciary Board. She is editor of the handbook at M.S.C. and a member of Pi Beta Phi.

Raymond Caravaty has received a Gotshall-Powell award for scholarship at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. This award is a highly notable one and we at P.H.S. are glad that one of our graduates has received it.

Barbara "Bobbie" Kinghorn of the University of Massachusetts, has been chosen sophomore representative for next year to the women's student government. She is a pledge of Pi Beta Phi and is on the staff of the handbook.

Elizabeth-Lou Wade, a senior at Colby College, has been nominated for membership in Phi Beta Kappa, national honorary society for outstanding students.

Allan Teot and Russell Clark have been placed on the honor roll at Wesleyan University.

Mary-Elizabeth Cozzio, P. H. S. 1943, a Mount Holyoke senior, has been appointed an assistant in the college's art and archaeology department for 1947-48.

Droopermam Returns

By Alma Rosenfield

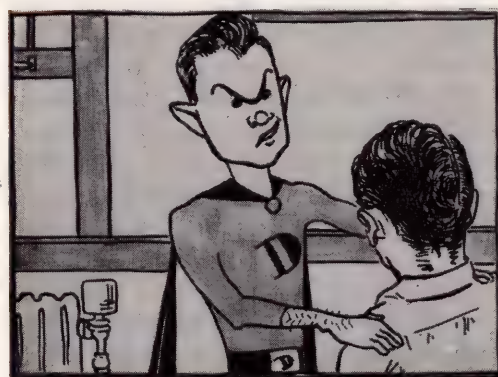
Drawings by Mariel Butler



1. Alas, the dreadful day is approaching, that day on which all men are equal whether they be sophs or seniors, the day of the geometry departmental. Now in spite of all his natural talents, Rhombus Face, the sophomore friend of Drooperman, is beginning to worry.



2. Seeing our hero, who is busily engaged in trying to rescue a young man who leaned a bit too far out of the window of his chemistry room, and resisting the temptation to put an end to the problem with a little push, Rhombus Face silently draws near.

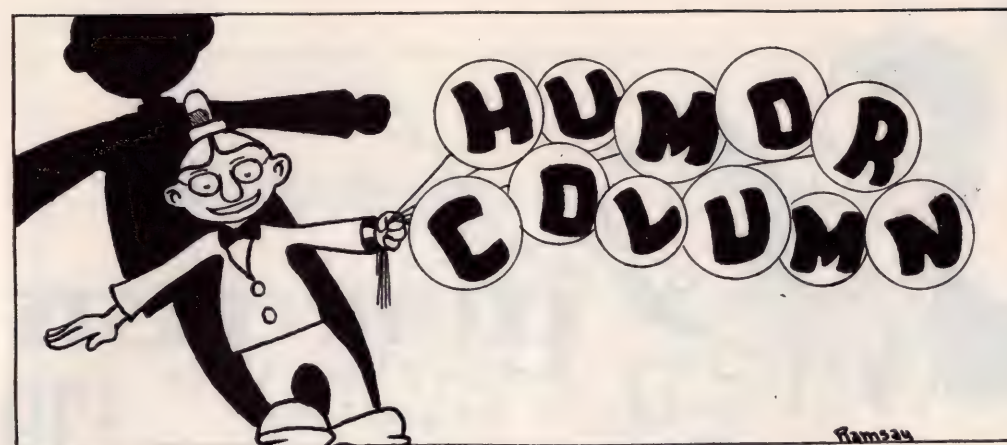


3. Giving Drooperman a tap on the shoulder that almost causes him to lose his balance, let alone his client, our bewildered mathematician explains his fate.

"Fear not," says our hero. "I shall tell you my secret formula for success." In fact it is so secret that we cannot print it.



4. And so Rhombus Face passes into class with all the assurance of an Einstein and passes out with a ninety, while his classmate Drooperman has established the enviable precedent of being the only person in three classes to flunk geometry seven times. He just passes out.



OH, MY!

By Elaine Paduano

We strive to take the upward "go,"
But find it is so very slow,
Just when we hope to make a "win,"
Hard luck! we've fallen short again.
I walked to school with homework done,
Thinking now I could have some fun,
Only to hear the teacher say,
"Geometry Book, lesson four, today."
Lesson four! Oh, woe is me!
I thought the assignment was lesson three.

Mr. Lynch: "Are you chewing gum again?"

Debacher: "No sir!"

Mr. Lynch: "Well, what have you got in your mouth then?"

Debacher: "My teeth."

B. Bass: "Have you heard what's all around P. H. S.?"

M. Lubin: "What?"

B. Bass: "Walls."

Two P. H. S. students were standing in a pasture, watching a cow and her calf rubbing noses.

Jack L., looking slyly at his girl friend: "Gee, Cookie, I'd like to be doing that."

Cookie B.: "Go right ahead—it's your cow!"

POETRY

By Nancy May

Poetry doesn't interest me,
Although it does my teacher,
How much more would I prefer
A Palace double-feature!

Miss Jordan: "And so we find that X is equal to zero."

Barry Prim (amazed): "What! All that work for nothing?"

Even if some students don't seem to use their heads very often, they were noticed doing so in the Gym Exhibition May 9.

Teacher: "What is raised in countries that have wet climates?"

Student: "Umbrellas."

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Bob: "I always kiss the stamps on your letters because I know your lips have touched them."

Shirley: "Oh, dear, and to think I dampen them on Fido's nose!"



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